





29p20m33

I have no suitable clothes to wear. Rascally lads  
at me, because I look like a beggar. A thousand  
times I have not had the means of dining, when  
nearly all my young scholars were seated at  
table, I have devoured a crust of bread in the street.

The extreme penury in which he found  
himself did not hinder him from giving away  
what he possessed whenever occasion arose.  
One day, he met in the street a poor man who begged  
an alms, and so appeared really worthy of help.  
He searched in his pockets, but did not find the  
worth of a halfpenny. <sup>much perplexed,</sup> He cast his eyes on the  
ground, & caught sight of the old silver buckles  
on his shoes - such as it was the custom to  
wear in those days. "These are unnecessary  
ornaments," said he, & gave the silver buckles to  
the man. Another day, on seeing an old  
man shivering with cold, he took off his own  
coat to cover him. Again, it is told that, touched  
by the tears of a poor peasant who was pursued  
by an inexorable creditor, he gave <sup>him</sup> from  
his hundred francs which he had saved with difficulty.

Thus did Restatoppi give example to his  
precepts, his life was <sup>every</sup> better than his teaching.

He gave to the poor.



27p3m33

No doubt it is a real test of friendship, but a friend is  
a hollow & selfish person who declines to help you  
because it gives him trouble, compels him to ask a  
favor, & even puts him under an obligation! Why,  
friendship exists for these things! After all, what  
you ask me to do for you, most likely in some  
shape or other I may have to ask you to do  
for me, & I should be surprised if you were unwilling  
to do it. One of the conditions of having friends  
is, that we show ourselves friendly.

Society is another benefit of friendship. The  
charm of friendship is that it puts you at your  
ease, & does not compel you to speak when you  
have nothing to say. Sometimes the fountain of  
salt bubbles up within you, sometimes the mood  
of silence takes its turn. The comfort of being  
with those who trust you is, that you & they are  
free to please yourselves.



19p40m23

And so my poor Dr. is unhappy because she does not see enough  
of her father! Well, dear, I think you are quite right. It is  
great promotion for a girl when her father <sup>can</sup> talk with her  
I quite the pleasantest women I should have been brought  
up by their fathers. I suppose it is because to say some  
these days of "equal <sup>in</sup> superseding" but, somehow, men  
have larger thoughts & deeper wider interests than we women,  
& a girl accustomed to talk with the men of her family  
is both more intelligent & better natured than you had  
found amongst women.

Yes, I know the bright bantering with your father kind - for  
his girls, & then, <sup>usually</sup> the sudden eclipses - he has <sup>usually</sup> behind  
his paper, you get more of him. You must feel  
behind the ~~pages~~ too; & your girls don't know how  
interesting a newspaper is: a serial story is nothing to it  
on ~~can~~ with ~~you~~ <sup>for a</sup> month to month comfortably & winningly  
that misunderstanding was ever cleared up, but you must  
know from day to day how General I feel - if you hope  
J. Apice has had a ~~struggle~~.

from the mother of the house.  
The house is in a - your house is without any more.